

FACES.

In the eye that lights to meet us and the face that smiles to greet us. Are the shadows of the future and the impress of the past. And the cheek that in its dawning flushes as rosy as the morning. Show the outline of its beauty as it fades away at last. And the little children's faces mid their dimples are the traces of the maiden's glowing beauty and of manhood's brow of care. And the shadow of the shadow of the shadow. To the thoughtful eye that gazeth are they looking over there. But the faces that are nearest and the faces that are farthest. Are the true, tender faces that our trust and loving win. Then, when comes to them the shading, when the face shall be falling. Like the sun with light illumined shall we see the soul within. —Woman's Life.

MARRIED HANMER HIMSELF.

The Wedding Came About Through a Deal Over a Mortgage. "Never heard how I got the best of old Simmons, did you?" queried the farmer from the upper part of the state, who is visiting his son. "You knowed what a skindiff he was? Well, I ever see him read about. "Well, you knowed him a good bit 'bout our widder's gittin married, 'n' so I'd tell you how it was. Simmons had a mortgage on that thirty-four acre farm, and I been ready to put the mortgage on the land. While I was savin up ter clear off the mortgage I got a intermarriage from Si Duke that old Simmons was payin 'tention for Hamner Watson. Si giv' me the land and some time later he was lettin on ter be Hamner's stiddy jest so as ter devil Simmons. "When I went ter see the skindiff 'bout gittin a little more time on the mortgage, he kinder giggles round and looks like he'd been stealin sheep and ast me what the talk was 'bout Si and Hamner. Now, I ain't no college professor, but I see right off what way the wind was blowin, and I spun a yarn 'bout Si bein common repute as old Hamner and Si was goin ter hitch. "I thought old Simmons would have a spell, but I braced him up, all the time a-tellin him that Si and Hamner would be a good match. Well, the upshot was that he said 'I'd git Si ter come to Indiana and stay there 'til he could have the mortgage cleared with-out payin a cent. Si was blamed glad ter go for \$50, and it cleared me 'bout \$1,500. But old Simmons was so tar-nel mean in talkin 'bout it that he got my mad up, and I sailed in and married Hamner myself. That's the way you got yer new mother-in-law, and of ever hear of me bein knocked over you investigate old Simmons." —Detroit Free Press.

WHERE COLORS COME FROM

Africa Has a Bird Whose Plumage Will Not Wash. "The man who devotes his life to the study of color in all its remarkable phases occasionally comes across some queer facts," recently said the senior partner of a well known firm of artists' color men. "The printing of a newspaper color supplement sets thousands of unsuspected follies in motion. The natural earth of Sienna and Umbria, in Italy, produces the raw colors, and the same material fused the familiar 'burnt sienna' and 'burnt umber.' Turkey red comes from the Indian madder plant. 'Carmine' and the 'lakes' are squeezed cochineal. 'Sepia' is, of course, taken from the cuttlefish. 'Gamboge' is the yellow sap of a Siamese tree. 'Ultramarine' is, or should be, made from the priceless lapis lazuli, while 'prussian blue' which was stumbled upon by accident, is the burnt product of horses' hoofs and impure potassium carbonate. 'India ink' is made in China. 'Blue black' is the charcoal of the vine stalk and 'bister' is made from ordinary wood ashes. "As you are probably aware, the distinguishing feature of India ink is its refusal to 'run' when subsequently covered with tinted washes. It is what the drapers call a 'fast' color, and for this reason is exclusively employed by engineers, draftsmen and others. "Most persons imagine that all natural colors, such as those of birds' plumage, are 'fast.' This is erroneous. The well known African toucan (pican) enters in a large part in this. If this bird is caught in a shower of rain, the brilliant crimson found in its plumage will 'run,' leaving the erstwhile crimson feathers a species of dirty white, notwithstanding that his green feathers will remain perfectly 'fast.' Inquiry into this curious 'running' trait reveals a marvelous provision of nature. A careful analysis of the crimson feathers shows that the brilliant coloring is due to the presence of a large quantity of copper." —Fiber and Fabric.

A Fine Old Government Clock.

It is a fine old clock which stands in the senate lobby fronting the main entrance to the senate chamber. For almost a century it has been ticking away, night and day, and now it is as good as new. The old clock is about eight feet high, and its frame is solid mahogany. Its face is about a foot and a half in diameter, and the name of Thomas Voight, Philadelphia, shows by whom and where it was made. It used to stand in the old senate chamber, now the Supreme Court room, where Webster and Clay and Benton and all the famous men of the past debated; great questions. If the clock could only talk, it could tell many tales of dramatic interest. Upon the mahogany case is carved a large shield, with stars to represent the states. With the clock was built, there were only 17 states in the Union—Washington Post.

A Queen Who Married Her Brothers.

At 17 years of age Cleopatra was married to her half brother, Ptolemy Dionysius, who was then 13. This was because of the will of his father, who left him the throne on condition of his marriage with his sister. They reigned jointly under the guardianship of the Romans until Cleopatra became dissatisfied with her brother's attempt to gain sole power. She plotted against him, and, obtaining the aid of Julius Caesar, she brought about Ptolemy's death. Thereupon she married another brother, a boy of 11, whom she later poisoned, assuming sole power 43 B. C. With her death (29 B. C.) ended the dynasty of Ptolemy in Egypt.—Woman's Home Companion.

Mixed the Sign.

"How is it," asked the victim, "that you charge me 25 cents when the sign says, 'First class car cut 15 cents?'" "But you haven't first class yet," replied the barber.—Philadelphia North American.

The English statue mile is 1,760 standard yards.

MATCHES AND MONEY

UNROMANTIC COURTSHIPS ARE THE RULE IN GERMANY.

There the Women Are Obligated to Have Some Financial Resources When They Marry—The Cost of Acquiring a Military Husband. In Bavaria every girl is expected to get married. Ask a Bavarian, and he will tell you that it is impossible for a portionless maiden to find a husband. If a girl has no money for a dowry, therefore, she sets herself at work to save one. Marriage in Germany is nearly entirely a matter of business. The father of the girl announces the sum which is to go with her, while the papa of the prospective husband holds out for more. That is the first stage of the negotiations. Little by little each yields to the other. Finally, after several months of delay, the contract is drawn up with minute specifications by a notary, and then the lovelorn may begin. The courtship is very circumscribed and is probably not altogether satisfactory for the German maiden is a romantic creature, and the opportunity she has for getting acquainted with her husband before marriage are very meager. The parental supervision is so strict in the nation that even the government takes a hand in it with its servants. A German army officer is a splendid creature to the eye, but his pay is very small, ranging from a matter of \$5 a week for a lieutenant to \$50 a week for a full fledged general. In order to prevent the possibility of seediness in appearance or style of living the government forbids an officer to marry until he deposits a certain sum—it is \$20,000 for a lieutenant and becomes gradually less for each higher grade. With the authorities, the income of which is doled out to him semiannually. This is in reality putting a price on the man, because the greater number of German officers are very poor and can get the money required only from their brides. The money which a wife brings to her husband, unless there is an express notarial stipulation to the contrary, becomes absolutely the husband's property. Woman in the eye of the law has practically no rights except such as her husband may allow her. He treats her shoot as if she were a piece of live stock. If the woman rebels, which she does very rarely, he displays a very short temper and an aptness for wielding a poker or a walking stick in a use for which they were never meant. In a German newspaper one may always find a column devoted to matrimonial announcements. There is no romance in these advertisements. The man tells how much money he has and how much he wants. The woman names her dowry to the very penny. Very often the man has no money at all and expresses his desire to marry into a business, but the woman knows that it is useless to advertise at all unless she has some money. If it amounts only to \$100 or so, which may be regarded as the lowest sum worthy of consideration as a dowry. On the other hand, it is the woman's privilege to name the calling which she prefers the man should follow. She usually chooses an official clerk or porter, a policeman or a car conductor, all of whom have tenure of office and an old age pension. She has more of an eye to stability than to ambition. It is in the so called higher classes of society that one finds the baldest and most businesslike matrimonial transactions. There are few young men of this class who have either money or any prospect of making any otherwise than by a wealthy marriage. When they inherit fortunes, it is the fashion to dissipate them, and when they don't inherit it is against the prejudices of their education and training to seek employment or to engage in any kind of business. Therefore most of them enter the army while waiting for a rich bride. Daughters of rich brewers and merchants are acceptable to these gentlemen, and they are not without a certain dream to capture an American heiress. They confess the matter frankly to any one and every one who will listen. Traveling American heiresses are not so plentiful in Germany as in France and Italy; still, they are to be found. It would seem, however, that notwithstanding the fact that German titles are at least a little more valuable than those of the Latin countries they do not possess the same glamour in feminine eyes, because the German title captures the American girl of gold comparatively rarely. Perhaps it is because the Teutonic wooing is more arrogant and supercilious than insinuating. Of all countries Germany is perhaps that in which romanticism flourishes most. It is instinct in its traditions, in its history and its literature. Yet in the affairs of daily life and pre-eminently in its matrimonial affairs materialism rises to the plane of worship.—New York Sun.

A Blind Sale. An exchange was of a novel plan adopted by an English hostess to secure funds for a charity in which she was interested. She gave a dance, introduced in the corollion an auction figure. In this the favors were for sale. A table was spread with them, from which selections were made. After the choice the purchaser found the price affixed on the reverse side. This might be a penny or a pound, the limit of cost, and was set without any regard to the apparent value of the article to which it was attached. The most trifling article perhaps had the topmost mark, and vice versa, making choice so far as price was concerned pure chance.

When Mr. Gladstone was alive, he was once discussing with some friends at Hawarden castle the greatest day in the world's history. Each member of the group was asked to say on which day he, in the past or the future, would prefer to live, it being supposed that he should have his present knowledge and afterward return to his present existence. Mr. Gladstone chose a day in Greece when Athens was at its highest glory. While (crying)—Mamma—Joe hit me with a great big brick. Boo-boo! Mamma—And what did you do to him, dear? Willie—I hit him gently with that same little brick he threw at me.—Harper's Bazar.

Signs of Appropriation. "Mr. Stimpkins and our daughter must be engaged." "Do you seem fond of each other?" "No, but he has begun to find fault with her."—Chicago Record.

HE DIDN'T MAKE A SCENE.

How Homer Davenport Got the Freedom of a Parisian Theater.

Mr. Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, who in Paris recently, met with several cases of attempted extortion. He is extremely generous, as all his friends know, but the attempts to extort angered him. "And so," he says, "I got into the way of asking the clerk of the hotel to make out a list for me when I was going out, showing just what I should pay for everything for the trip, and it worked like a charm. Well, one evening Mrs. Davenport and I, one evening to a theater, and I handed the clerk a card and asked him to write my expenses on it. "Well, that day a man whom I had been trying to meet for years had called at the hotel to see me. I was out, and so he left a card for me. It was the card of one of the attaches of the American legation, and written across it were the words, 'Introducing Mr. X.' "When the hotel clerk handed the card back to me, with his memorandum—cab fare that—two seats so much, and all that—I saw it was the attaché's card introducing Mr. X. I was sorry, but it was too late to help it. "Well, off we drove to the theater. I paid the cabman as per card. He made as if he wanted four times as much, but there was the clerk's word for it. Then we went into the theater, and I shoved the card at them through a hole in the wall and said, 'I want two of those seats.' They looked as if they didn't understand me—there were three of them—although I said it in my very best American. Then they all sort of bowed, and one of them slid out through a door, taking the card with him. "We waited a long while and heard the music banging away and knew we were losing the performance by a mile. In about 15 minutes it came to me that perhaps they thought I was Mr. X, introduced by the attaché. I poked my face up to the hole in the wall. 'Say,' I said, 'I'm not Mr. X. I just want two of those tickets, and I want to pay for them.' "They bowed and grinned, but didn't do anything, and in a few minutes the other fellow—a big, fat chap he was—came bustling along the vestibule and grinned and bowed up to me and motioned me to follow him inside. "Now, see here," I said. "If you think I'm Mr. X— " "Homer," said Mrs. Davenport, "if he insists don't let's make a scene out here. " "Well, that man bowed us into a big gold plated box and turned out half a dozen people to make way for us. And it made me mad that he wouldn't understand. 'Now, you see here,' I said. 'I'm not Mr. X. I just want two of those seats out over there, and I want to pay for them too. Understand?' "The audience soon began to notice that something was up, and people stood and craned their necks, and Mrs. Davenport said: 'Homer, if he insists, just let's keep the box. We're missing the show.' "We waited there, and every little while in popped some funny chap that couldn't speak American with some kind of refreshments. And my trying to explain didn't do any good. And Mrs. Davenport would say, 'Homer, if they insist, just let's take it quietly.' And we did. "When the show was all over the fat fellow, bowing and grinning, ushered us out and found a cab for us, and off we went. 'I'm not Mr. X,' were my last words, but he just bowed more than ever. And Mrs. Davenport said, 'Homer, don't let's make a scene.' "Well, next day I hunted up that attaché. I told him all that had happened and said, 'Now, I just want you to give me a handful of your cards, for I'm going to be here for some days, and they'll be mighty useful, and will they work as well in other parts of Europe too?' "Well, he just bowed. 'Why,' he said, 'I sent in my card there the day before yesterday and asked for a pass, and they turned me down.'—Saturday Evening Post.

The C. E. and the Church. "The experience of many churches with the Endeavor societies," says The Christian Intelligencer, "proves the possibility of a breach between the society and the church despite the pledge and the avowed aim of the society to be a helper in all the work of the church. The tendency to put the society first and regard its meetings and methods superior in value and importance to the regular services is natural, and when the heaven of pride and youthful confidence is injected the rightful relation of church and society is reversed, friction ensues and injury results, and the church is the loser. The very obligation to take some part in the meetings may become a snare, since it may lead to saying and doing what ought to be, rather than what is, felt. A further danger lies in the preponderance of girls over boys, of women over men in the membership, a condition which has called for and led to the organization of societies for men and a still further lowering of male membership in the Christian Endeavor societies."

Lindley Murray. The summer house in York, England, in which Lindley Murray wrote his celebrated grammar has come into the possession of a local school and is to be preserved as a show place for pilgrims. School children of the present day have but a faint conception of the authority exercised by Murray in the last generation on all matters of grammar and rhetoric. His work was law, though sometimes bad law, and he is still respected in rural districts. There are little manuals of a hundred pages nowadays—such as Professor W. D. Whitney's—that contain more sound grammatical instruction than was to be found in Murray's big book.

Overassumption. There are many whose lives exclude the suggestion either of impleity or insanity who yet habitually assume a more than mundane familiarity with the Almighty, explain the motives of his action, expound his mode of thought, assign with the utmost confidence this event to divine and that to human providence, claiming in effect a mastery of God's interposition in the life of a man that they would not dream of arrogating to themselves over one man's influence on the fortune and character of another.—Saturday Review.

Close Resemblance. Contractor—You won't sell me a carload of bricks on credit? Dealer—No. Me and my brick are very much alike. We're hand pressed for cash.—Philadelphia Record.

Chinese Era. The "Chinese era" begins B. C. 227, with the accession of the Emperor Yao, who first devised a calendar for the Chinese dividing the year into 365 days with an extra day every fourth year.

A POKER FAIRY TALE

QUEER CLIMAX OF THE WIND UP JACK POT OF THE GAME.

Manxy Displayed Wonderful Powers of Perception and Analysis. Won the Pool and Saved His Opponent the Amount of the Last Raise. "Manxy was one of the best poker players I ever saw. He was a good winner and a good loser. He played his cards all the time for everything they were worth and then some more, and he played a game that was simply insoluble." The board of trade man leaned back in his chair and smiled reminiscently. "Manxy not only had Hoyle down so that he could recite the poker rules backward and say 'sir' after each word, but he rose to the higher science of the game. He made a careful study of every man around the board, and he never played a card but what he dived a keen, sweeping glance at every player and drew his conclusions as to what they were about to do. If a player had any little tricks or habits that asserted themselves in spite of efforts to repress them, Manxy knew them by heart. "I will not forget the night he took Carter into camp. Carter was a good, cool, nifty player too. He was an old player and possessed splendid judgment. One night we had been playing several hours, and as it was getting toward daylight we agreed to have one more round of jack pots and then go home. We had our round of jack pots, three of which Carter won, and then decided on one last consolation jack pot, with no limit but the roof and \$5 to come in. Carter raised the come in to \$20, and everybody dropped out except Manxy and one other player. Manxy called for three cards, showing that he had only one pair or nothing at all; the other man took two cards, indicating that he must have three of a kind, or else he wouldn't have paid \$20 for the privilege of playing any longer, and Carter stood pat. "That looked bad. Carter had never been known to stand pat on anything but something that was worth while. He must have had something pretty good to raise the come in to \$20, and his standing pat argued that he either had four or else a straight or a flush. He had betrayed a nervous start when he first picked up his hand, and it argued that he had seen something awfully good. Now, Manxy had seen the start that Carter gave and knew his style of play well enough to argue that Carter had seen something even better than a straight or a flush, and that was a straight flush, something that comes once in a great, long while in a poker game. In fact, Manxy came to the conclusion that Carter had a straight flush, and the fact of the matter was that a straight flush in spades, king high, was just exactly what Carter had seen in his five cards when he picked them up. "Manxy deliberated a long time before he came in with his \$20, but he was out \$75 or \$100 on the game, and as it was the last pot he determined to stand a good bit of money in the hopes of taking a recap. He drew to a pair of tens and caught one more. Manxy started the betting with a \$10 bill. The other man dropped out, and Carter saw the \$10 and raised \$25. That looked as though Manxy's surmise about the straight flush which he thought Carter was holding was good. He deliberated for some time. Then he said: "Carter, I think and everybody around here thinks you've got something better than four. I was playing your for that. But now I'll tell you, Carter, what I'm going to do. I've noticed that your eyesight is bad and that tobacco smoke when it is right in front of your face always interferes for a moment or two with your vision. Just as you picked up your cards I noticed that you puffed a great cloud of smoke out of your mouth and that the cloud of smoke was in your eyes when you looked at your cards. Now, I believe that you think you have a straight flush, but I don't believe that you read your cards correctly. I am going to do something that may seem to be awfully bad poker, considering the hand I have, but I am going to play you for the poor eyesight. I see your bet of \$25 and raise it \$25 more on the ground that your eyes deceived you. You'd better study your cards before you see my raise." "We all waited in breathless silence for a moment, then Carter quietly threw his cards face upward on the table. "You're right," he said quietly. "I thought I had a straight flush, king, queen, jack, ten, nine. What I thought was a nine of spades was a nine of clubs. I lose!"—Chicago Tribune.

Steer Clear of Smoking Cars. "I seldom advise my patients to stop smoking, because I know it's a waste of breath to do so," remarked a suburban physician yesterday. "In many cases I do advise moderation in the use of the weed, and when a patient has a weak throat there is one thing that he positively must not do, and that is that he shall not ride in the smoking cars attached to railroad trains. Breathing that atmosphere for half an hour will do a man more injury than smoking half a dozen cigars in the open air or in a properly ventilated room that is not crowded with other smokers. Smoke if you must, I say, but steer clear of smoking cars."—Philadelphia Record.

The Stimulus. "Do you think that genius is moved to exert itself by inspiration?" "Sometimes," answered the very serious young man, "but oftener by the exploration of the period for which rent has been paid."—Washington Star.

The Arpa, or drum, of the south Pacific islands is of wood, one end resembling a vase and the other evidently made in imitation of a shark's head. The head is covered with snake or fish skins. It cannot be too often repeated that it is not helps, but obstacles, not facilities, but difficulties, that make men.—W. Matthews.

Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism. From the Indicator, Rochester, N. C. The editor of the Indicator has had occasion to test the efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice with the most remarkable results in each case. First, with rheumatism in the shoulder from which he suffered excruciating pain for ten days, which was relieved with two applications of Pain Balm, rubbing the parts afflicted and realizing instant benefit, and entire relief in a very short time. Second in rheumatism in the leg, almost prostrating him with severe pain, which was relieved by two applications, rubbing with the liniment on retiring at night, and getting up free from pain. For sale by Wm. P. Bell & Co., Accomack Co., Va.

MICE QUICK TO LEARN.

So Says a Maine Man Who Finds Them Interesting Pets.

Out on Forest avenue is a mouse fancier whose residence, lest he lose caste with his neighbors, is withheld. In a pen he has half a dozen or so ordinary field mice. "They are the most sociable pets I ever had," he remarked, "and any one of them will rise to attention as he hears my step approach the pen. I have had these young ones about six months. They don't live long when coddled up, and they will come freely to my hand to eat or drink. Some of them are so tame that they will climb to my shoulder and display not the slightest alarm at being touched. They haven't acquired so much faith in all humanity, however, and have refused to trust any one else so far. "While mice eat a great deal for an animal so small when food is abundant, they can exist for a surprising long time with next to nothing. Any one whose house has been infested with mice and who had passed weary weeks when everything that possibly could serve as food was carefully under lock and key, finally calling to service an active ferret, will appreciate this fact. He is a mighty aggressive and tireless forager after food, not hesitating at walls or similar obstructions, through which he patiently gnaws a path. As a test of persistence in this time I hung a basket of food from the ceiling by a rope and after a week's fast placed a mouse at a hole in the ceiling above the basket. He descended some eight feet or more on a slender cord and safely reached his haven, later climbing up again. "All of my mice I have taken from nests about the premises and notice that they invariably seek shelter below or behind something, never in an exposed locality as almost any other animal would select. For a nest paper, cloth or any soft material seems to satisfy, and the exceeding fineness with which it is chopped suggests some mighty artistic work with their teeth." —Portland Express.

A VERY PARTICULAR BIRD. If the Bathing Dish Didn't Suit Him, He Went Unwashed. "Birds have as much character as human beings," said a specialist on birds. "Some are the most ardent little aristocrats, while others are regular little plebeians. I had a little fellow some time ago who, despite all my efforts, would not bathe. Each morning when, with his little porcelain tub in my hand, I approached his cage, he would resolve himself into the sulkiest, dearest little ball of feathers you can possibly imagine. I coaxed and pleaded; I even bribed. Rather he determined. So consistent was he in his determination not to bathe that I named him Tramp. One morning I broke the tub, and in its place I took a shallow blue and white dish of Japanese ware. "Tramp eyed me for a moment with all his old hostility, and then as he caught sight of the pretty dish he flew down from his perch with chirps of joy and darted into the water before I could take my hand from the cage. "I had found the way to his heart, and his morning bath now became a daily source of joy to both of us. But on fatal morning I broke the blue and white dish. In an apologetic manner I brought to Tramp once more the regulation white bath dish, hoping that his cleanly habits were by this time so ingrained that he would overlook the prosaic appearance of his tub. Not so. An angry flutter of wings, a threatening little beak, a perfect tempest of shrill cheeps and twitterings and then sulky silence on the topmost perch. "So it went on till I secured another blue and white dish and then peace and harmony and morning baths again."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Railroad Man's Prayer. An old railroad man, having been converted, was asked to lend in prayer. The following was the response: "O Lord, now that I have danced thee, lift me up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence, make all the couplings in the train with the strong link of thy love and let my hand lamp be the Bible, and heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off the sidings, especially those with a blind end. O Lord, if it be thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white line of hope that I may make the road of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the Ten Commandments for a schedule, and when I have finished the run on schedule time and pulled into the great dark station of death may thou, the Superintendent of the universe, say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come and sign the pay roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'" —Railroad Gazette.

Turkey Doves in Athens. The turkey merchant is the most wonderful of street vendors. He arrives with 200 or 300 birds, which he drives about town for a week or two, selling them one by one. He is armed with a long pole, with which he touches up lazy or quarrelsome birds. They gobble continuously, and he shouts above the din, "Gallous, gallapoula, gallapoula." ("Turkey cocks, little turkeys, little hen turkeys.") When one dove meets another face to face or at right angles, they pass through without confusion, and no bird changes masters.—Scribner's Magazine.

Do Loved the Trees. "I must tell you a singular deed showing the love of trees of our late Bishop Williams of the Episcopal church," says a writer in the Hartford Times. "The tree slayers were out cutting down the fine elms on the street where the Berkeley Divinity school, in Middletown, is located. When the work man approached a tree, the bishop said, 'Halt! If you cut down these trees, I move the school out of this city.' It had its effect. The grand elms were left undisturbed. Though he be dead now, at the age of 82, may his example be kept green whenever necessary shade trees are in danger of annihilation."

Prisoners of Hope. The man who lives for today is like one born in a prison, who has never learned that the great world throbs beneath his prison walls. He is a prisoner and does not know it. Now, it is said that our Lord came to release the prisoner, and there is no chain gang that needs the salvation, however, more than the prisoners of today. By as much as we lose sight of the ultimate reality of our lives, by as much as we fail to come under the power of our transcendent hope, we are prisoners of today. We should be prisoners of hope, for, as St. Paul says, "We are saved by hope."—Reformed Church Messenger.

Lands Delinquent for Non-Payment of Taxes.

Quantity of Land.	Name of Owner.	Distance and Bearing from Courthouse.	Am't of Taxes due.	Am't of Interest.
1/2 Acre.	Bradford, Jno. Sr.	30 M. N.	39 43	
3 "	Bowden, Joshua	30 "	8 31	
24 "	Booth, William	30 "	2.32 1.63	
4 "	Blackstone, J. W. G. & J. H. Wise	30 "	1.95 1.35	
3 "	Birch, Thos. J.	30 "	1.28 97	
1 "	Bishop, W. W.	30 "	50 53	
11 "	Bowden, Jno. W. of S.	30 "	2.41 1.37	
1 "	" William	30 "	31 41	
7-12 "	Birch, Mina ux of C. H.	30 "	8 28	
13 "	Barnes, Jno. G.	10 "	2.40 1.52	
1 "	Blossom, Edw. of B.	5 "	14.50 6.31	
196 "	" Perry & others	13 "	1.88 88	
4 "	Byrd, Geo. P's Hrs.	10 "	1.08 45	
24 "	Cropper, Esther A.	20 "	5.28 3.38	
1 "	" Sallie	20 "	10 30	
11 "	Crockett, Mary's Hrs.	25 " W.	2.58 1.79	
1 "	" Rachel	25 "	95 78	
1 "	Cathell, Jno. G.	30 " N.	78 71	
2 "	Crippin George	26 "	77 66	
12 "	Crockett, Ridsen H.	25 " W.	2.01 1.05	
1-5 "	" Elisha of S. W.	25 "	2.80 1.20	
11 "	Dies, Gilbert M. O.	25 "	64 66	
11 "	Daisy, Jno. of Dr. W. J.	30 " N.	1.44 1.06	
1 "	Dies, Piet. of S' Hrs.	25 " W.	2.78 1.17	
1-6 "	Dennis, Nathaniel	33 " N.	1.16 68	
1 "	Davis, Laura Anna	7 "	19 31	
84 "	Elliott, Geo. T.	30 "	59 48	
1 "	Gaskins, Isaac	19 "	67 55	
10 "	Gray, John A.	30 "	1.41 68	
1 "	Harmon, Leah Hrs.	16 "	1.87 93	
1 "	Howard, McDowell	21 "	46 42	
1 "	Hudson, Jos. G.	30 "	1.65 83	
1-15 A. Ara.	" Esther	30 "	1.53 1.14	
16 1/2 " gum branch.	Hudson, Jas. R.	30 M. N.	09 30	
1 A. Ara.	Hinman, Geo. W.	22 "	38 38	
1 "	Hellen, Thos.	30 "	20 37	
1 "	Hussey, Jno. W.	30 "	8 30	
1 "	Hoffman, Geo. S.	13 " S.	4.80 1.95	
1 "	" Maud	13 "	1.51 76	
1 "	Pruitt, Rubin Hrs.	25 " W.	2.13 60	
10 "	Kilmon, Emily Hrs.	8 " N.	9 30	
5 "	Johnson, Wm. of J. S.	15 "	7 29	
1 "	" Jas. J's Hrs.	6 "	1.17 76	
11 "	Justice, Jno. H.	22 "	76 52	
11 "	Jester, Eleah J.	30 "	7 28	
64 "	Hussey, Peleg est.	22 "	49 41	
11 "	Kilmon, Laura G.	7 "	9 28	
11 "	Lewis, Zadock	22 "	48 48	
194 "	Litch, Sarah & others	30 "	65 47	
1 "	Laws, Jas. Sr.	20 "	48 41	
1 "	" Jas.	20 "	10 26	
250 "	Lucas, Sam'l. J's Hrs.	14 "	1.16 65	
1 " ara	Marshall, Rich'd A.	22 "	1.68 1.32	
1 " ara	" W. R.	22 "	7 29	
2 "	" T. W. & W. C. Lewis	22 "	2.49 1.73	
1 " ara	Nock, Thomas	16 "	4.67 2.44	
1 " ara	Northam, Margt. A.	13 "	9 35	
1 " ara	Nock, Dennis	13 "	23 37	
44 "	Powers, Jesse N. C.	30 "	67 63	
7-12 "	Prior, Geo. E.	30 "	5.12 2.38	